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the supposition of an original single channel into Glen Lednoch is further contradicted by some levels which were taken during the second inquiry. These showed that the Finglen branch has a steeper fall than the Lednoch, at first leaving the fork in the proportion of 3 to 2, a point 20 feet distant therefrom in the former, and one 30 feet in the latter, being on the same level. The channel, however, being wider in the Lednoch, keeps the flow of water pretty equal in both.

It was also remarked by another correspondent that a stone barrier lay across the bed of the stream at the divergence; and this seemed to require examination. I therefore had the stones, three in number, removed for some hours. The result was to make little or no difference to the waterflow, which remained as before, nearly equally divided.

The bump or breakwater eminence was found to be of a firm soil, not peaty, but covered with a coarse grass. As you pass to the south-west up the watershed, "peat hags," as they are called, break out on the neck adjoining the eminence; but at this, the lowest point in the ridge, the ground still stands high and clear, forming a marked water-parting between the two forks of the stream, as will be seen by the sketch.

The run of water is a good decided one both ways, with all the character of a mountain rivulet.

3. *Extracts of Letters from W. WINWOOD READE, ESQ., to ANDREW SWANZY, ESQ., F.R.G.S., relating to his journeys in Western Africa.*

MR. W. WINWOOD READE left England on a journey of exploration in Western Africa, in May, 1868, under the auspices of the Society, and aided by Mr. Andrew Swanzy, the West-African merchant, so well known for his liberality in encouraging all scientific effort. The original intention of the traveller was to ascend the Assinie River and penetrate, if possible, to the Kong Mountains. Foiled in this by the opposition of chiefs near the coast, and a native war, he accepted, after several minor excursions, an invitation from Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor-in-Chief of our West African possessions, to explore the interior from Sierra Leone, and thence to the upper waters of the Niger. According to the last news (August 1st, 1869) Mr. Reade was on his way to the sources of the Niger, from Falaba, and had reached a town called Farabana, having 10,000 inhabitants, on the upper waters of the great river.

"Accra, Sept. 5th, 1868.

"The Assinie settlement is not at the mouth of the river, which is some distance to windward. This river, on arriving at the seaboard, instead of debouching, runs along the side of the beach for some way, and then discharges itself into the sea over a bar impassable to shipping. At Assinie, the strip of land between the river and the sea is exceedingly narrow; it is occupied by a native town, called Mafia, inhabited chiefly by traders. The houses are of wood, small and dark; there is no stockade, and very little to show the wealth which yet probably exists there. There are two French factories—small wooden houses—which, insignificant as they are, cost a good deal of money. At Assinie there appears to be no skilled labour of any kind, excepting the carpenter and other artizans, who come from Senegal. With respect to provisions, the plantain and cassada, as in all forest countries, are the staple, as maize is after you reach Axim, and as rice is at some point which I have not yet ascertained the other way. Maize is grown in small quantities, but is not, I believe, made into *kankee*, or country bread. There are also yams. The plantain is frequently eaten in the form of *foofoo*, a kind of dough, well known along the coast. Fowls, sheep, and bullocks appeared

tolerably abundant; though here, as on most other parts of the Gold Coast, the natives are very reluctant to dispose of their cattle. There are no horses; the noble animal is not indigenous, to my knowledge, anywhere between the Casemanche and Accra.

"On landing at Assinie, then, the traveller beholds a desolate strip of white sandy beach, sloping precipitously to the sea (as the beach seems always to do where the surf is violent), covered with broken shells, pieces of sea-worn wood, and huge masses of froth. On looking to the right and left, he would see a thick, scrubby vegetation, and high trees in the distance. This, with the miserable appearance of the village and the French factories, would not prepossess him in favour of the place. Added to which, the sea around is desolate: not a canoe upon the waters, not a net upon the sands. But when he walks a few yards from the beach, what a sight meets his eyes! From the fury and turmoil of the surf, from the gaunt desolation of the beach, he finds himself transported to the shores of a beautiful river, which flows tranquilly past, and upon the bosom of which paddle numerous canoes. The scene is completely changed. He sees around him the forest scenery of the tropics, which, though in course of time it becomes monotonous, is at first always enchanting. On the opposite shore another village meets his eyes; and although it is built in the same manner as that on the beach, peeping out from amongst trees and shrubs and tall waving grass, it presents a very different appearance. The European residents at Assinie consist of the commandant, Captain Gustave Martin, the doctor, a French trader, M. Chatelain, commission agent for a French house (associated with Gehring); and a sergeant. There are about a dozen Senegal tirailleurs at Grand Bassam, natives, and excellent soldiers. There are a few cannon, but, as there are no rocks at Assinie, a fort could not be constructed there without great expense. The fortifications—such as they are—are powerful enough to resist any attack of the natives, who, for that matter, are exceedingly peaceable and well-disposed towards the French. Respecting the resources of this country, I shall be able to say more when I write again; but I think that Assinie must always have been a successful trading station, for this reason: the King is decidedly one of the most powerful monarchs—perhaps the most powerful, after Dahomey or Ashanti—on the coast; power in Africa is derived solely from wealth, and wealth from trade with white men. The road from Coomassie to Assinie, according to Dupuis was, at the beginning of this century, one of the four great thoroughfares from that capital to the coast, and these four great roads naturally led to the four chief stations of trade. But, when we speak of Assinie trade, of course we speak of Ashanti trade. Assinie is simply a port of that country. Except Kinjabo, which is a very large town, the Assinie country appears to be very thinly populated, indeed; and, as I have already been over a good part of it, I can give an opinion upon that point. As soon as I entered the gate of the stockade, I saw the commandant and his two companions, seated at breakfast, on the southern bastion, which joins his dwelling by the piazza. I sent up my letter from the French ambassador in London, and was, of course, received with *empressement* and also with sincere cordiality. I explained to him my desire of going to Coomassie. He said at once that it could be done, but made it almost a stipulation of his assistance that I should go as a Frenchman. I agreed to this; and, as far as the Assinies and the Ashantis are concerned, the *ruse* has succeeded perfectly. I have little doubt that I could go and return from Coomassie without being detected. I certainly had no choice about accepting the commandant's advice. The great difficulty of all is to overcome the jealousy of the coast tribes, and for this I required the *hearty* co-operation of the commandant, who would, of course, have disclaimed the responsibility of my failure at the outset on the grounds that I had not taken his advice.

"It so happened that M. Chatelain was going up to Kinjabo in the course of a few days. I was thoroughly occupied during two days in disembarking the goods and chattels you provided for me, and in storing them in my apartments. . . . We started at about 1 o'clock in the Government yawl: eight paddlers, six of them Chatelain's Kroomen, two provided by myself, and the Government interpreter *Castor* at the helm. After two hours' paddling up the river we entered a beautiful lake 15 miles in length and about 8 in width, very shallow in parts. Even in the middle we could see sticks standing up, and which marked the fish-traps of this country, which are made of hollow tubes of wood, with a funnel-shaped basket so arranged that fish can go in, but cannot get out. . . . The river, as we now found it, was very narrow and tortuous for some distance. There was an upward movement from the bar of some dark muddy rollers, but soon the true current became perceptible, and in an hour's time it became difficult to stem. There were but two or three villages on the banks. These were built on piles; in one the water had mounted so high that the villagers had fled, and in all they had to go from house to house in canoes. About half-past six, diving into a little narrow creek, we touched at the landing-place, and some torches being made on shore from long strips of some kind of bamboo we were able to start for the town, which was about half a mile off. Having walked along a very good forest path by the light of torches, we emerged before long into the town, where we took possession of the house of reception, used only for such strangers as might pay a visit to the king. We arrayed ourselves, as well as we could in semi-darkness, in the grand chamber, and awaited the coming of the king. "Here is Amatifoo," said the interpreter, touching my elbow; and turning round I saw a tall, dignified-looking individual who was holding out his hand, which I grasped and slapped after the manner of the country. His manners are decidedly royal. We slept on the state couches, and palavered in the morning. The king's answer to my application was given without any hesitation. I could go up to Coomassie, if I wished it, as soon as the roads were passable, and he would assist me to do so. At present they were flooded. At a subsequent interview I obtained his permission to converse with the Ashantis then at Kinjabo. This conversation was also satisfactory. They explained to me the necessity of sending a messenger to the king, to request his permission to visit him. Kinjabo is a very large town, built of *swish*, or yellow clay. Thick forest all round, and very high trees. The people appear to be well off. Every house has its yard, apparently well stocked. Bullocks are plentiful. I do not enter into further details of my ramblings at present, because my journey down here will, of course, be repeated."

"Cape Coast Castle, November 1, 1808.

"Kinjabo, the capital of Assinie, is the terminus of one of those great caravan roads which intersect Central Africa (West). Unfortunately, it was closed to me, because it passes through a narrow strip of Ashanti territory, only four days' journey across; and I know very well that no Ashanti chief would dare to allow a white man to pass through his town. He would detain him there till the will of the king respecting the traveller had been made known; and the will of the king would undoubtedly be that the white man should be brought to Coomassie. It is worth knowing, however, that Kinjabo is the first station—the first gate of the interior—in this part of Africa; for I believe that the whole of the Kroo coast is a dead wall, and that the sea-coast tribes do not communicate with those who are beyond the mountains. This, however, is only from hearsay.

"This information simplified my future proceedings. I found that my bow had no second string. On arriving at Kinjabo I had a meeting with Amatifoo and the Ashanti chiefs. The manners of Amatifoo on the first occasion had

been exceedingly dignified, and indeed haughty, though courteous. This time there was something deprecatory and apologetic about him, the reason of which I at once suspected, and it has been confirmed to me since I began to write this letter. I said the time necessary for a messenger to go to Coomassie and to return had elapsed. The king said that he had not returned; it was not his fault, he would soon come; I must wait a little longer. I said that if it depended upon myself I would wait with pleasure; but I had been sent to visit the interior, and if I could not do so from Assinie I must go to another part of Africa, in which case King Amatifoo would lose the very handsome present which I had prepared for him, and that I should deeply regret. I perfectly understood that he could not pass me through Ashanti: that was not his palaver; but he could pass me through his territory, and, if he felt inclined to do so, I would start at once, and wait for the answer of the King of Ashanti at the frontier (a considerable distance from Kinjabo). Amatifoo said he would give me an interpreter, but said his men did not understand hammock-bearing, &c. &c. . . . I parted with Amatifoo the next day on very good terms, told him that I would let him know my decision in a few days, and said that as the King of Ashanti was evidently just going to war he would be too busy to receive a visitor, and that I thought it would be better for me to come back after the war was over. On arriving at Assinie I prepared a letter for the King of Ashanti, in which I said that hearing he was going to war I would postpone my visit till it was over. This I gave to some of Amatifoo's agents who were down at the sea-side, made them some trifling presents, told them that a friend of mine, Captain Howe, was coming with clothes similar to mine which they so much admired and wished to buy, and that he would probably make a house, which seemed to please them very much.

"Such was the state of affairs when I addressed to you my last letter. I was completely a prisoner at Assinie, and I could foresee no definite period at which I could escape. To go again by land with all my effects was out of the question. On the 3rd of October I went to Grand Bassam, where I was hospitably entertained at the French factory during a fortnight. When the Admiral returned from the lagoon, I presented myself to him, and he said that he was going to Cape Coast and would put me down there. This relieved my mind, though I did not feel quite safe till I had got on board the frigate. The Admiral was detained a week at Grand Bassam by the bar of the river, which he had to cross in a small steamer. Then he went to Assinie, inspected the troops (numbering 18 soldiers), and then started for Cape Coast. He went into Elmina, where I landed, and walked over here the same afternoon a week ago. It is the only fortunate circumstance which has occurred to me hitherto that I was able to come down here with all my heavy baggage, without loss of time or money. I found the Ashanti messengers here, sent by the king to threaten war against the Fantis, unless certain terms were complied with. Since beginning this letter, Palmer has seen the Ashanti sword-bearer, who left Coomassie forty days ago. *Up to that time no messenger had been received from Assinie respecting the visit of a white man.* Whether this is owing to false faith on the part of Amatifoo, or to the negro spirit of procrastination, I do not know; but it seems to me to be beyond the limits of the latter, and that commercial jealousy is the cause of Amatifoo's conduct. I did all that man could do to guard against this, the risk of which I fully foresaw. I expressly told him that I was forbidden to trade, and promised him a handsome present if I did go to Coomassie; promising also that the sooner I started the better the present would be. I have at least the satisfaction now of knowing that I did well in not wasting any more time at Assinie; and, having waited about thirteen weeks for an answer which could have been returned in five or six weeks, cannot be blamed by any one for having precipitately given up an undertaking which I had begun.

"I will now say a few words about Assinie and Grand Bassam. If you refer to the map, you will see that the river is to leeward of Grand Bassam. The settlements are all on the windward side. There is, however, a native village on the leeward side; and I was informed that a factory would do as well, or even better, on that side, as it would monopolise the trade of that village. The town of Grand Bassam is situated a couple of miles or so up the river,—a circumstance which should be carefully borne in mind. It consists of one street about half a mile in length; houses of swish and thatch, with yards: in fact, the regular Gold Coast house.

"The settlements consist of a *maison modèle*, and several barracoons shaded by cocoa-nut trees, on a bed of sand, enclosed by a stockade square, with a bastion at each corner, close to the river. Fifty yards to the west is the French factory, so called. It is really, however, a Dutch firm. To the north is a small village, inhabited by those who get their living out of the *Poste* and the factory; and then you come to the lagoon which runs from the Grand Bassam River to beyond Tack-Tack. The village of the soldiers is situated to the north of the *Poste*, on the water's edge. Grand Bassam is, to all intents and purposes, an island. One can walk along the beach to Tack-Tack, but, as a matter of fact, one is obliged to take to water whenever one wants to go anywhere. To go to Assinie you must cross the river. If you go to Tack-Tack or to Dabou, a French blockhouse close to Tack-Tack, on the opposite side of the lagoon, it is by water. The lagoon is extensive, and the river goes a long way into the interior. How far, indeed, I only learnt from a Bantooko man, whom I questioned here; but the jealous spirit of the natives would render exploration from that point hazardous, if not impossible. I went to Grand Bassam (native town) with the view to making inquiries; for, could I have seen my way in, I would decidedly have gone.

"The River Assinie is, I regret to say, undeserving of geographical attention. The rapids are a short distance beyond Kinjabo, above which it is not navigable by canoes. The River Tanoe runs parallel with the sea behind Apollonia, but is not, I believe, of any importance."

"S. S. Mandingo, Dec. 4, 1869.

"From news which I have had of Cape Coast since I left there, it would seem that there is little probability of the Fanti and Elmina palaver being settled. The coast between Assinie and Cape Coast Castle is not very interesting. Apollonia is the first large town; it is chiefly of wood. The Dutch have just finished a small fort (lime can easily be obtained), which does not look as if they meant to part with their possessions. Behind the town is a large plain, or rather marsh, except in the dry months, with clumps of trees; then the forest, behind which is said to be the River Tanoe, which in the rainy season inundates the intervening country. I stopped there, at the house of a man named John. From Apollonia to Axim is a hard day's journey. An estuary lately opened by the sea, and a river, have to be crossed. The ferry charge is a piece of komalo. On the left bank of the Ancobra or Axim River the aspect of the country begins to change: from flat it becomes hilly. Axim itself is built neatly of swish, and has a very fine stone fort. From Axim to Dirhoe (as I dare say you know) the road is circuitous, owing to the Three Points, and the traveller has to walk a great part of the way. I was delighted with the aspect of Elmina; it was the first European settlement on the coast, and is, therefore, historical. It is exceedingly pretty, and the fort is the finest on the coast. What struck me as the most remarkable in this journey was the perfect organisation of travel. Regular charges, no obstructions from the natives or palavers with them; everything just the same as in a civilised country. Arriving at Axim one night at 10 o'clock, I was able to hire a gang of hammock-men and pay them their subsistence in half-an-hour, and started the

first thing the next morning. But the population along the whole Gold Coast appears to me to be very scanty compared with that of the Slave Coast; and there is this great difference: the Yorubas, Egbas, and Popoo appear to mass into large towns, while the Ashantis and Fanti are villagers, especially the former. Along the beach the villages are certainly numerous, but then they are often simply clusters of huts. The system of markets, or rather fairs, too, as practised by the Yorubas, &c., appears to be unknown on the Gold Coast."

" December, 1868.

"In my last report I spoke briefly of the Dutch Gold Coast, which I twice travelled along, the first time chiefly by canoe (beginning at Axim); the second time entirely by land, except that portion of it which lies between Elmina and Chama, where the road is completely stopped on account of the command in trouble. I shall now pass on to my visit to Akropong.

"While staying at Cape Coast with Mr. Cleaver the Governor-in-Chief arrived, and during our first interview hinted that he would be glad to give me the charge of an expedition into the interior from the Sherbro' River, with a view to examine the resources of that country, and also to discover the sources of the Niger if possible. This offer being conditional on the consent of his council, who vote the supplies, I told him that I had in view a journey from Accra to the Donko country (as the interior of the country is inaccurately called) lying between Ashanti and Dahomey to the back of Crupea; so it was agreed that it should lay in abeyance. In the mean time a letter from Dr. Gunnell induced Mr. Cleaver to ask me to go to Whydah, which I agreed to do. The Governor-in-Chief gave me a passage to Accra in H.B.M. ship *Lee*, and thus, having three days to spare, I was enabled to make a trip to Akropong before the arrival of the *Mendingo*. Governor Glover arrived at Accra also at this time, and I found from him that the country interior from Lagos was too much troubled to admit of a journey being made from that settlement with a fair prospect of success; and the missionaries at Akropong informed me that I could not be sure of getting through the Volta country on account of the war. On my return from Akropong I told Sir Arthur Kennedy that I would go to Sierra Leone (as he informed me that the interior was open there), relying upon receiving such help and countenance from him which he could give me as Governor.

"I started from Accra about 7-30 A.M. with hammock, accompanied by my interpreter, Palmer, whom, of course, I had discharged. Our way lay over a very beautiful undulating plain thickly studded with trees, and clothed with grass, sometimes towering high above our heads. The Aquapino Hills could be seen blue and misty in the distance. We passed a few small villages built of swish, sometimes containing a room for weaving cotton (Kuepec is the country for that), and almost always a blacksmith's forge. At half-past twelve or one we entered one of these villages, and a girl passing by, dressed in a blue check cotton frock, announced that a mission station was close by, and I soon saw their large shingle roof. Taken up to the house of the principal, I was received by him and his wife with great cordiality, although I had no letters. It is situated near the Aquapino Hills, and is the head-quarters of the (supposed) tsetse, a specimen of which I sent in my last letter. We now travelled on through an underwood thick and fragrant till we came to the bottom of the hill, where I dismounted. The road is stony, but tolerably broad; the missionaries have spent some money on it. The trees began to increase in size; and beetles, like burnished gems, made their appearance on the leaves on the road-side. I went along leisurely, walking a good deal, so that we arrived at Aburrie at dusk. This is also an educational establishment for girls. The difference in height between this place and Akropong is inconsiderable; the latter is a trifle higher. Abokopie is in the Accra country; Aburrie is in

the Aquapino country. The language of the first is Ga; that of the latter Otchi (of which Ashanti is a dialect); they are therefore quite different. Although Akropong is the capital (king's residence) of Aquapino. Aburrie is the larger town. It musters, I think, about 1000 guns, representing so many able-bodied men. Here I met one of the farmer-missionaries from Christianbourg. We had a chat about the ofroi-fly, which had killed ten horses for him. But two donkeys he had bought up-hill had also died, and the tsetse, according to Livingstone, does not touch donkeys, or their congeners, men. I was stung by one of them; it was merely like that of our common horse-fly. The next morning I went to Akropong, and was kindly received by Mr. Mader, the head missionary, who gave me a room. The aspect of the large neatly-built schools and houses, with a 'quad' in their midst, turfed with Bermuda grass; the coolness of the air, the beautiful view of the Accra plain, reminding me of the valleys of the Arno and the Rhine, the sound of the harmonium, and the sight of two noisy vivacious little children, made me almost fancy myself in Europe. It was indeed very different from anything which I had seen in Africa, and I regretted very much that I had only one day to spend there. At Akropong there is a boarding-school for small boys, about 80; also a grammar-school and a theological seminary: the two latter with admirable sleeping-rooms and neat clean beds, quite a pleasure to look at. The system of education I do not approve of; it is a great deal too classical—just the system which is being so generally attacked in our own country at the present day. Akropong is now used as a sanatorium by the Christianbourg missionaries, and also by many merchants and officials (who do not wish to leave their posts). It is by no means a perfect sanatorium. About 1500 feet high, and in a dense forest, it is not exempt from malarious influences, but still the air is cool and refreshing.

"The Aquapino people are peaceful and industrious. The kolo-tree appears to be abundant, but the nuts are not collected. No cotton can be grown, on account of the thickness of the forest. The coffee-plantation may be considered a success, and that berry will be exported in large quantities in the next generation. The plain between the hills and Accra would grow cotton well enough, for I observed it growing wild. There are ferruginous springs in the neighbourhood. Some of the trees are of prodigious height, running up 200 feet without a branch. The great want of Akropong is means for portage. There is no river. Everything has to go down to Accra on women's heads. Were it not for the fly, or whatever it is which kills horses and cattle, the missionaries would, I think, have horse and bullock-waggons at work. But that is unhappily impossible. These Basle missionaries, by-the-by, do not receive any salary, only an allowance of about 150*l.* This they may not exceed, and if they save anything it goes into the chest. They would not take anything from me, as I was there only a day; but for regular periods they charge, I think, a dollar a day. I was at Akropong only a day and a half; fearing the *Mandingo* might be a day too soon, I made my preparations accordingly, and went from Akropong to Accra in the day, arriving at 6:30—a very good journey."

4. *Letter from Sir A. E. Kennedy, Governor of the West African Possessions, on recent Explorations near Sierra Leone.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Government House, Sierra Leone, April, 15, 1869.

"I have received your letter of the 8th March, 1869, thanking me on the part of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society for the aid I have been able to give Mr. W. Winwood Reade.